UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes
Editor in Chief

Louis L. Mann
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Associate Editors

God Save the Individual

By ALSON H. ROBINSON

Items from a Traveler's Note-Book

IX.—In the Russian Villages

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Revision of India's Public Debts

By TARAKNATH DAS

Book Review

(*"The Suffragette Movement"—E. Sylvia Pankhurst*)

By ALICE STONE BLACKWELL

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

To Mahatma Gandhi on His Arrival in London, England, on September 12th, 1931

As members of the All-World Gandhi Fellowship, we crave the privilege of being among those who welcome you on your historic visit to the West, and pledge support to your high mission of Peace and Brotherhood.

You are come, as the representative of India in quest of liberty, not to foster discord but to establish amity between two great peoples, East and West. So doing, you are not so much the Leader of a Nation as the Leader of Humanity in quest of safer and nobler ways of living. To a world vexed with violence, menaced with militarism, fettered with fear, you bring the deliverance of Satyagraha, or the Soul-force of Truth and Love. This deliverance has been offered by others whom you have yourself acclaimed as the Sainted Seers of history; but it has never been disciplined to such a rule of virtue or practised on such a scale of statesmanship as you have attained. Rightly hailed by your own people as Mahatma, you stand preeminent among the men of our time for light and leading, and already enter upon the majestic succession of the saviours of mankind.

We pray that God may guide you in the critical days ahead, and bring to you that triumph which, as the triumph of your spirit, will bless not merely India, but Britain, the Empire and the World, and all Humanity.

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Armistice Week, November 8-14, 1931

Disarmament and World Peace the Opportunity of the Churches

"We believe in a sweeping reduction of armaments by all nations.

"We believe in a warless world, and dedicate ourselves to its achievement."

—International Ideals of the Churches

For centuries followers of Christ have been working and praying for the application of Christian ideals and spirit to the relations of nations and for the coming of the day when war shall be no more. For generations mankind has hoped and longed for relief from the heavy burden of armaments. Now at last the first world disarmament conference of history is at hand!

Thoughtful leaders in the churches

(*Continued on page* 79)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

VOLUME CVIII MONDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1931 NUMBER 5

THE NEW DAY

They haunt the streets,
The children of man,
Seeking the toil
Of hand and brain.

The earth has yielded;
Garners stacked high;
Yet hunger is voicing
Her terrible cry.

Oh, justice! Oh, wisdom!
What have you to say,
That my brothers and sisters
May find the new day?

MARIE FALCONER.

Well, the summer is past, the winter is beginning to loom in prospect, and, apart from certain plans for relief, what has anybody done to meet the problem of unemployment? In spite of unfailing optimism in high places, and authoritative pronouncements of improving conditions, the industrial situation is worse than ever, and idleness threatens to reach proportions which will make last winter's idleness look like a vacation holiday. Nobody knows, of course, how many men and women are out of work today, or will be out of work tomorrow—we Americans are too brave and cheerful to gather such gloomy statistics! But that last winter's six to eight millions is now mounting to ten to twelve millions, is reasonably certain. Meanwhile, resources available last season have long since become exhausted, and few preparations of any kind, so far as we can make out, have been made to tap new resources and thus meet the worst economic emergency this country has ever known. But before we blame anybody for this state of affairs, let us be modest for a moment and ask ourselves what *we* would have done had *we* been in the seats of power. What program would *we* have formulated and adopted had *we* been President Hoover? Really hastened public works?—probably! Secured national appropriations for relief?—perhaps! Gotten an unemployment insurance system under way?—certainly! But what do these, or any other such measures, accomplish in ending unemployment? What has England, or any other country more enlightened than ours, actually done to solve the problem as a problem? Can unemployment be solved, or relieved, or really handled at all, under the existing capitalistic order? Why talk about "doing something," when all the time we are living in a social order which produces unemployment as naturally and inevitably as an apple-tree produces apples? We feel no blame for Mr. Hoover, or any other helpless public official, except as he does not see the reason for the present tragedy, and forthwith undertake vast works of social change. Unemployment will end when production for profit and not for use ends—and not before!

Has the League of Nations ever confessed such impotence as in the case of the present war of Japan and China in Manchuria? We say "war" advisedly, for we think it folly to try to deceive ourselves into believing that this open conflict of arms is anything else but *war*. And it is a peculiarly disgraceful war! Japan's aggression is patent, and this aggression is directed against a nation which is well nigh helpless at the moment to protect itself. Flood, famine, pestilence, civil war, all are ravaging unhappy China. And Japan chooses this moment to move her armies and invade territories. And the League of Nations does nothing! This is failure of the most serious character, says the *New Republic*—

> Whatever the fair phrases in which it is dressed, this failure was due to the fact that the League believed itself to be impotent and wanted to avoid an open exhibition of that fact. The best hope at the moment lies in the pressure of world opinion on the Japanese militarists, as a reenforcement of the civil branch of the government, which wants a policy of peace and conciliation with China, if only for economic reasons.

But why shouldn't the League of Nations exert this "pressure of world opinion," of which the *New Republic* speaks? What is the League for, if not to mobilize and lead public opinion in the interest of peace, especially in the hours of crisis? The League, of course, is terribly crippled by the situation in Europe. Its fortunes are at their lowest ebb, as we pointed out last week. But we have always had the conviction that inactivity was the surest road to futility, and that any display of energy was a means to acquiring influence and power. It is just because the League has so frequently evaded issues, that it is now incompetent to meet issues. Let it not dilly-dally too long! It is now twelve years since the League was established. If ever it is to exercise even a modicum of the influence contemplated by Wilson, Smuts and their colleagues, it

must acquire power by using it for the salvation of mankind.

If there has been any nobler statement on the present world depression than that of His Holiness, the Pope, in his recent encyclical, we have not seen it. This papal proclamation is Roman Catholicism at its very best. But the Pope's utterance was remarkable not only from the religious point of view, but also from the political point of view. It was statesmanship of the highest order. For with a precision which puts to shame the so-called statesmen of the world, His Holiness put his finger on "the unbridled race for armaments" as the scandalous cause of much of the misery now prevalent in the world. Note his words:

> Since the unbridled race for armaments is on the one hand the effect of the rivalry among nations and on the other because of the withdrawal of enormous sums from the public wealth and hence not the smallest of contributors to the current extraordinary crisis, we cannot refrain from renewing on this subject the wise admonitions of our predecessor which thus far have not been heard.
>
> We exhort you all, venerable brethren, that with all the means at your disposal, both by preaching and by the press, you seek to illumine minds and open hearts on this matter according to the solid dictates of right, reason and of the Christian law.

Here is the church—going into politics with a vengeance! But who would gainsay the right of the church thus to speak on behalf of the dumb millions of mankind who carry the burden of armaments? The uselessness of these armies and navies is perfectly shown by the spectacle of the Roman church itself. This church, just as much as any nation, is a "world power." It has territories to protect; it has property to preserve; it has interests to serve; it has honor to vindicate. Yet it does not need arms for any of these purposes! More truly than any nation armed to the teeth, the Vatican is secure from insult and attack. The only difference between church and state in this matter is that the latter has the tradition of war, while the former has the tradition of peace. The race for armaments is at bottom nothing but a *habit*—a bad habit, like drug addiction. Once break the habit, and we should all discover that armaments are utterly unnecessary for any purposes of security and honor.

Troubles in Europe are not over! Let that be clearly understood. The German crisis, eased for the moment by the Hoover moratorium, has been eased *only* for the moment. In less than six months the July situation will return, and this time will be aggravated by the political chaos incident to the election of a successor to President Hindenburg. Yet most of us here in America seem to think that Germany has been saved, and that there is nothing further to worry about. The same thing is true of Britain! Everybody seemed satisfied that the formation of the Nationalist coalition government and the balancing of the budget (if it *is* balanced!), has made the Empire as strong as ever. Then came the collapse of the pound sterling, which only confirmed the truth of words received in a private letter from a great newspaper man in London, "The British crisis didn't end with the fall of the Labor government and the forming of the coalition. It's just beginning." It all reminds us of the experience we had some years ago in watching a friend die of some mysterious blood disease. Periodically, during his long and lingering illness, this friend was given blood transfusions. After each operation there would come renewed physical vitality, improved morale, and a fresh hope of recovery. Then, after a certain time, the old conditions would return, and a new transfusion be necessary. Finally there came the last collapse, and death. The transfusions had sustained life and thus postponed the end. But the end was inevitable, since there were basic conditions of dissolution in the organism which could not, or at least had not, been reached. Here, it seems to us, is a kind of parable of the European situation. Loans, credits, debt revisions, moratoria—these are all so many transfusions into the blood streams of European nations. They restore vitality for the time being—all seems well during a few months. Then comes a new collapse, for the blood streams are infected with death. How to cleanse these streams—how to cure the social organism of its fatal malady—this is the challenge to the world today. And our statesmen seem as helpless to answer this challenge as were the physicians in the pathetic case of our late friend.

If any one would know how the story of Noah's Ark originated, he has only to ponder the flood stories which have been coming from unhappy China during the past two months. Imagine a primitive people, knowing nothing of the extent or character of the globe, suddenly overwhelmed by waters which swallow up all the world they have ever seen! Would not such an experience inevitably lead to such a folk-tale as that of Noah? And that such floods are possible we now discover through the awful catastrophe that has befallen millions of our Chinese brethren. This disaster, like that of the Great War itself, is too vast for us to comprehend. An enormous territory, including such populous cities as Hankow, Hanyang, and Wuchang, is all under water. A lake as big as the whole of Scotland covers the province of Hupeh, which is only a part of the stricken area. Weeks ago it was reported that 4,000,000 houses had been destroyed in China, and 23,000,000 persons rendered homeless. Since then the devastation has widened, and other millions of men, women and children must be helpless. As ruined homes mean ruined fields—crops drowned, livestock swept away, food stores destroyed—another huge famine, accompanied of course by pestilence, is now in prospect, and estimates of 2,000,000 dead are conservatively

made. Few natural disasters of modern times have been as bad as this. The one compensation lies in the fact that horror of this kind will end civil war in the districts affected for years to come. On the other hand will the Nanking government be well nigh overwhelmed, if not actually crushed out, by this latest disaster of unmeasured magnitude. It would seem as though, in some parts of the world, trouble would never end. China is certainly one of these parts. War, revolution, rebellion, brigandage, famine, and now flood, have all done their worst in recent years. Yet somehow the republic survives, and the new day sustains its promise. It must be that the ghost of Sun Yat-sen looks down benevolently upon his patient and long-suffering people, and guards them from final calamity, Now, if ever, should the heart of humanity go out to China, and our hands be extended to sustain its great leader, Chiang Kai-shek.

The great success of the cotton crop, the bumper wheat harvest, these are regarded as calamities in the United States today. Desperate proposals to burn the cotton, and to pledge the farmers not to plant any cotton at all this next season, are the order of the day. The unprecedented floods in China, with their dread accompaniments of disease and famine, are regarded in this country as a blessing since they give the Farm Board an opportunity to get rid of its surplus wheat for the service of China's need. If we could only have a flood, or earthquake, or tornado of our own, it would be a further blessing as enabling surplus stores of food and clothing to be used. Meanwhile, nobody seems to think of the eight or nine millions of unemployed as victims of calamity who might eat a little wheat or wear a few pairs of shoes. What a civilization this is of ours! And how sane, rational, beneficent, is our so-called system of capitalism! Of course, according to all the wise men of the world, our own personal point of view is silly—the idea, namely, that there are plenty of people in the world to use all that nature can grow from the soil and that industry can produce from the machines—that products of every kind should be sold at the lowest possible price, and prices thus kept down and not pushed up—that private profit as a factor in the problem of production and distribution is a crime and should be abolished forthwith. Such ideas are insane, of course—for how are our capitalists going to survive if they make no profits, and how can profits be made if there are not high prices, and how can high prices be maintained unless there is a deficit instead of a surplus of production? But with the present ways of the world as the basis of sanity, we are quite content, thank you, to be a lunatic. We should be ashamed to be anything else.

God Save the Individual

The closing words of the Thanksgiving Proclamation of one of the oldest and most popular New England states present a familiar refrain: "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts." Possibly, this may be a gesture of respect to a Providential Dispensation which was held in high regard by the early settlers. Maybe it is reminiscent of the period during the early days of the Continental Congress, when the fortunes of the sovereign state hung in the balance and might easily have passed into oblivion. It is even conceivable that on rare occasions some governor, in employing this phrase, may unconsciously articulate a fear that not all is as well with the state of Massachusetts as he wishes it might be, and adopts this time honored refrain as a bit of wishful thinking that he knew how to do something about it.

The time has now arrived for states which employ such a phrase as this to supplement it by another: "God save the individual." For while it is obvious that states and empires are having a sufficiently hard time of it and stand in need of saving, little familiarity is required with the fortunes of this age old struggle between society and the individual to recognize that just now the latter is having a very difficult time.

It is far better for us, as Americans, to try to see ourselves as others see us, if we are to become emancipated from any illusions as to our status as individuals. A competent Mexican observer returned to his own country, not long ago, from an extended journey through the United States, and presented to his people a picture which may illustrate what is happening to us as individuals. After recognizing among us an almost infinite variety of conditions and mixtures, this Mexican observer reported that everywhere he went he was confronted with this thing which we call the standard; standard language, standard morals, standard material comforts, and standard food. He travelled on standard trains, on standard time, with standard equipment. There were standard restaurants, and moving picture houses cooled to a temperature of 70 degrees Fahrenheit in the summer time, and apparently all of the 120,000,000 Americans listened to Amos 'n' Andy from 7:00 to 7:15 P. M.

The question as to what one means by an individual, and how the individual is to be distinguished from and related to society, is a problem which has been extremely troublesome from the earliest time. Without entering upon that highly abstract and speculative field, it is possible, in the light of what we know about human development, to point out the fact that there was a time when such a thing as an individual was non-existent. Professor Teggart of the University

of California reminds us what it is hard for us to realize that in an earlier period individuality did not exist; that the unit was not the single life, but the group. Professor Teggart reminds us that so completely was the individual subordinated to the community that art was just the repetition of tribal designs, literature the repetition of tribal songs, and religion the repetition of tribal rites.

Eventually the individual did emerge, and from the very beginning, the culture of our own growing nation has been characterized by a bursting pride in our individual initiative. One of our greatest and most romantic epochs is symbolized by the Covered Wagon. But opportunities for the sort of things which are associated with the covered wagon have entirely disappeared. To be sure, we continue to pay lip service to individual initiative, and insist that you mustn't do anything to encourage socialism, because it would take away men's incentive. If one asks whether socialism would take away the incentive, as well as the opportunity, which Mr. Charles Schwab enjoyed in providing for himself a bonus of $1,000,000 a year, the answer is that it probably would. Whichever way one looks at it, as things stand at present, the individual is having a hard time. History seems to be repeating itself. In primitive times the family swallowed up the individual; then eventually the individual became emancipated from his patriarchal domination; now the sovereign state seems to be taking the place of the family, in its suppression of the individual and the breakdown of the family.

The field of current events during the past few weeks has provided an especially fruitful series of examples of this struggle which the individual is passing through for survival. These passing events may mean one thing to one observer, and something else to another, but fundamentally, and in the last analysis, the status of the individual is at stake.

In the first place, the so-called Minnesota Gag Law barely escaped confirmation by the Supreme Court of the United States. Entirely apart from any bearing which such legislation might have upon the fundamental law of the land, it is obvious that no individual editor could ever be a free agent where such a statute is operative. That there are pernicious newspapers, whose iniquitous influence in incalculable, is beyond question, but there are other ways of dealing with these than by censorship. Any newspaper which is any good is, or ought to be, objectional to somebody, and if those who are in the minority, desire to enjoy the continued exercise of their minority, they must be prepared to take the chance that such perversions will appear from time to time. The very fact that one vote in the Federal Court on the other side would have turned the whole tide of this tendency shows, among other things, how perilous is the status of our individual freedom.

Some months ago Mr. Kirby Page asked the Protestant ministers of this country how they felt about participating in the next war. Some 10,000 of them, or slightly more than 50% of those who answered his question, stated that it was their present opinion never to take part in, or encourage, another war. When General McArthur, Chief of Staff of the United States Army, heard this, he said, "I am greatly surprised." It is interesting to recall some of the elements of this great surprise of General McArthur's, because they illustrate the attitude which the military mind takes toward the individual.

Surprise Number 1 for General McArthur is that these ministers appear quite unwilling to accept any responsibility. He classifies any minister who is not willing to support the next war in the same company with criminals, racketeers, and undesirable citizens.

Surprise Number 2 for the General is that these clergymen, in the expression of their individual opinion, should attempt to dictate to others. Of course, the General does not know the unhappy position of the Protestant minister of today; for if he did, he would realize that nothing of the sort obtains. No Protestant minister can dictate about anything to anybody, least of all what other persons than himself shall do in time of war.

Surprise Number 3 of the General is that these ministers have so completely overlooked the great elemental rights of modern civilization, such for example as the Magna Charta, which have been won in battle. Some of the rest of us might well express surprise to him that he has never heard that other significant rights, such as that of Woman Suffrage, for example, have been won by different measures; and that the best individual intelligence of the time seems to indicate that the efficiency of arbitration and conciliation in the settlement of any dispute is preferable to the barbarous and expensive resort to war, as in the past.

Speaking of war, there has been a sham battle between Mussolini and Pope Pius XI. What the significance of this struggle, which for the moment has passed into a state of quiescence will be, depends largely upon one's sympathy and point of view. The editor of the *Commonweal* says that the conflict between the Vatican and the Italian government is essentially a struggle between the extreme nationalism of the Italian state, and the divine guide of the Church, as regards the rights and liberties of the individual. Of course, it is not that at all. Mussolini would say the same thing. It is merely a struggle between two differing forms of dictatorship. Whichever way we look at it, however, we may say, "God save the individual."

In spite of all the difficulties which the individual is having, there is another side to the picture. An example of that is incarnate in the personality of Gandhi. For months and years this single individual, without

other weapons than those of the spirit, and with very little organization, has been guiding a great empire of people towards independence and self-control.

During the past few weeks the schools and colleges all over the country have been sending forth by the thousands boys and girls who, whatever else they may be, are individuals, and whose individuality is entitled to respect.

There ought to be somebody who can say to the sovereign state that if you crush out this individual life, which has something to contribute; if you insist upon bringing it down to a common level or standard, you do so at your own peril.

It is a little difficult sometimes to form anything like an accurate judgment as to what the possible contribution of this great variety of individuality may be, especially when outward appearances bear so little resemblance to the inner reality, but that is one of the chances that we have got to take.

In a discerning moment, Wadsworth wrote:

> Dear child! Dear girl! that walkest with me here,
> If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
> Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
> Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;
> And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
> God being with thee when we know it not.

ALSON H. ROBINSON.

Jottings

It is not surprising to hear that President Hoover is threatened with a breakdown. He has got to write a Thanksgiving proclamation next month.

The new Eugenie styles for women have brought prosperity to the hat and feather trades. Now let us all wear sandals, to bring prosperity to the shoe trade —and togas, to bring prosperity to the clothing trade.

Did you ever watch a child trying to pick up a piece of quicksilver? If so, you have a perfect picture of President Hoover, Prime Minister MacDonald, Premier Lavall, and other responsible statesmen, trying to grapple with the international problems of our day.

We shall be interested to see if the public has plenty of money for football this autumn. If men and women can pay $150,000 or more to see two elevens chase a pigskin for an hour, why should there be any difficulty in taking care of our unemployed?

"Come, come—*tell that to the marines,* my friend."—Thackeray, in "Pendennis," chaper XLIII.

Well, well! We had no idea, until we stumbled upon this passage, that our American propagandists in the late War got their material out of Thackeray.

Now that Bernard Shaw has gone to Russia, perhaps he will consider coming to America. Or is America still too dangerous for him to venture the trip?

J. H. H.

Items From a Traveler's Note-Book

IX.—In the Russian Villages

Five hundred miles or more southeast of Moscow lies the provincial city of Kirsarnoff. This city boasts a population of some 70,000 souls, a thriving trade, an ancient church, and, like every other sizable town in Russia today, a national art gallery. Fourteen miles east, along the rough road worn by the peasant carts of generations gone, lies a great estate once owned by a proud princess of the late Czar's court. Seized by the peasants in 1917, fought over by the interventionist armies in 1919 and 1920, devastated and burned by sweeping hordes of bandits in 1921, this rich area is now occupied by the Lenin Commune; a community of 1600 souls, divided into five separate settlements, and operating 6,000 acres of farm and pasture land on a collectivized basis of organization. It was to this Commune that we were going as guests for a four days' visit, to study collective farming under the plan of the Soviet as contrasted with individualized farming in the ancient primitive villages round about.

I

Our train left Moscow at half past three in the afternoon. It was crowded with a vast throng of men and women loaded with every conceivable kind of pack and package. As the travelers, in their rough, sweaty clothing, jostled and jammed us in the station, we saw huge bundles of food, stray sticks of household furniture, an iron bedstead strapped to the back of a patient voyager, occasional animals and frequent babies. The men were noisy and good-natured, the kerchiefed women mostly silent, the children curiously submissive. Where were all these people going? Why are trains always crowded to suffocation in Russia? How do people, so beggarly in appearance, get the money to travel such distances?

Our company was large enough to have a coach to itself, so we were not lost amid these trekking tribes. But our journey was to be rough—no food and drink but what we carried, sleep in our clothes, wash when and where we got a chance! As conveniences of any kind were bound to be scarce, we made a compact (most of us!) to leave our shaving kits behind, and thus to prove our Bolshevism by our beards. Bundles of cheese and meat sandwiches, a case of water-bottles, blankets, overcoats, toilet paper, soap, and a towel

apiece—these must see us through till we came again to Moscow four days later.

Our train had hardly pulled out under the dull, leaden skies of a threatening day, when I found myself stricken with sudden fever. Others of our party had been ill—I had kept persistently well—but now evidently my turn had come. I made myself comfortable as best I could under uncomfortable circumstances, but could find little relief for an aching head, parched throat, and burning skin. As night drew on, I began seeing visions of being genuinely ill in a peasant village in the heart of Russia. As my companions rolled themselves up in their coats and went to sleep, and my fever suddenly jumped into chills which kept me shivering to the rhythm of the speeding train, I began to wonder how it felt to die alone in a strange land. By midnight, when I was still awake and still shaking like a leaf, I had myself buried by awe-stricken peasants in the place where I had breathed my last, and was happily speculating as to how and when my wife would receive the news. But my hour had not come! In the morning I arose feeling weak and sick, but with the fever much abated, and with assurance that my friends, the peasants, would be spared a funeral. Indeed, as luck would have it, I was to discover that of all men I was most fortunate in being ill at just this moment.

For as our train drew in at Kirsarnoff, we gazed out upon a melancholy scene. It was raining—it had been raining for a long time. We had fourteen miles to travel over the most primitive roads in the world, and no conveyances but the rough, springless, open carts of the Russian peasant. Our American pioneers knew enough to travel in *covered* wagons, but not these Russians who are as indifferent to weather as the animals of the field. We saw the carts as we stood in the corridor of our car and watched the streaming rain. There they were lined up at the station—huge wheels, enormous shafts, the great wooden collars leaping high above the horses' necks, and only some sodden straw to keep one dry. Fourteen miles in these vehicles, through slippery mud, with our horses at a walk! It was no wonder that faces were glum, and shoulders already beginning to hunch themselves against the rain.

But hold—what was this? A Ford car—with a perfectly good top? It was, it *was!* Our hosts in the Lenin Commune had sent in their one automobile, to speed back and forth as fast as possible, and thus to rescue from the deluge as many guests as time and distance would permit. Fortunately, the deluge was now obviously lessening—at intervals the rain ceased altogether. But still that Ford looked like a heavenly chariot, and was eagerly desired of us all. Our party, however, numbered twenty-four, and the seats in the car were three! Who were to be the fortunate ones to draw the first assignment? Our leader's decision was prompt. The invalids, of course, of whom there were two—a rabbi still suffering from a heavy cold, and myself! In we jumped, Jew and Gentile, with hands clasped in mutual sympathy and congratulation, and hearts uplifted in thanks to a Providence which knew when and where to afflict us. The third seat, by unanimous consent, was awarded to the most distinguished member of our troupe, the famous Count Karolyi, of Hungary, who had joined us in Moscow for this expedition.

How we ever arrived safely at our destination, I shall never know. I have seen mud before—in Palestine, for example, where it was so deep that we had to abandon automobiles and take to horses who struggled knee-deep in the mire. But this mud was not so deep as it was smooth and sticky. Our progress in the Ford was like that of the dancer in the polka of my boyhood —"slide, slide, and a one, two, three." The "one, two, three" frequently left us looking in the opposite direction from the one in which we were traveling, and quite as frequently landed us in the fields to the left or right of the road. Such excursions, however, involved little danger, as the road was nothing but a series of tracks running across a vast expanse of soil, without grading, leveling, or reinforcing. It was really quite as easy to run our car in the fields as it was in the road. This was proved whenever we met, or overtook, a string of peasant carts, which travel, like camels in the East, in caravans. The horses in these carts were as unused to the automobile as American horses were a generation ago, and when we made our appearance they went through all the antics with which our American streets were enlivened in my youth. Always the encounter ended with the carts or the automobile leaving the road and taking to the fields. I could never to the end understand how the system worked—how agreement was reached as to which side should give way. But always either the horses went tearing off into the wheat or millet, with the bearded peasants holding on to the reins for dear life and swearing in all the rich vocabulary of Bolshevism, or else our car would careen wildly through the furrows with the rabbi shouting at the top of his lungs to the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and myself invoking all the saints of the Holy Church whom I chanced to know. I think it was the combination of Old Testament and New Testament, plus Count Karolyi's agnosticism and the driver's atheism, which carried us through. "Whatever gods there be" we reached, and thus at last were guided safely to our haven.

Meanwhile, the rest of the company came along under much quieter, if more depressing conditions in the jostling wagons. Occasional showers kept them well sprinkled between deceptive bursts of sunshine. Frequently they trudged through the mud in an effort to keep warm. At intervals the automobile would appear, and relay batches to the Commune. At last, by noon-tide, all the pilgrims had arrived, and the visit to the villages was begun.

II

Our headquarters was the headquarters of the Commune itself—the largest of the five settlements into which the group was divided. It was located at the center of the vast estate formerly belonging to the Russian princess. The manor-house was gone, but signs of the earlier days of grandeur were not far to seek. Thus, between our dormitory and the communal dining hall ran a wonderful avenue, broad, smooth, hard. We laughed when we first saw it: What did they need of such a road in a place like this? Then suddenly we seemed to hear the rumbling of lordly wheels and the galloping of proud hoofs, and as in a vision saw the princess sweeping by in state to her mansion. A little way beyond was a lovely walk, running straight and far beneath a bower of stately trees. Great lords and fair ladies must have strolled here many a time on a summer evening! To the right was an open-space now rough grown and tangled, but in days gone by it must have been smooth and velvety to the touch of

tripping feet. Surely the manor-house must have been in this locality. Where had it been placed? What had happened to it? We found no answers to these questions. When pressed, our hosts rambled and rumbled in their replies. Had the peasants burned the house and murdered the inmates? Had the princess and her retainers fled, and left her home to pillage and destruction? Had it lain empty and idle through the years, only to be burned at last by bandits? We never learned. We only knew that no vestige of the old dwelling was left, and that the smoke and flame that on some dreadful day had filled this sky were only a little part of that vast conflagration which had swept all Russia and in its fury devoured the proudest and cruelest noble caste in modern Europe.

If the old was surely gone, the new was surely come. We saw it all about us. The red-roofed, low-lying buildings scattered through the trees and over the fields; the long, rambling barns and pens for hundreds of heads of cattle and of swine; the thousands of acres of prairie-like land stretching as far as the eye could see, some of it black from the fresh plowing for the later crops, most of it green with rye, oats, barley, millet, and flax; the new orchards, with their crowded rows of stout young saplings; the big machines, filling the air with the whirr and noise of the mechanized farm; the brick-kiln, smoking from its fierce fires not far away; the workers, men and women together, busy here and yon at their varied tasks! It was an interesting scene—the grain, the animals, especially the people. They represented many nationalities —Russians returned from America, Australia, Czecho-Slovakia, Germany, and other far places to share in the great experiment of the new Russia. Theirs was true Communism—they owned nothing individually, but shared everything in common. The land belonged to the group—its labor was a common responsibility, and its harvest a common reward. They ate together in the communal dining hall, played together in the communal social center, reared their children in the communal nursery and educated them in the communal school. There was no master and servant now, no owner and peasant, no employer and employee. There were only comrades, equal all in a joint enterprise which they governed and directed by the time-honored method of the public will.

III

Scenes in these days we spent in the "black earth" country of central Russia will never be blotted from my mind. The little group of men, women and children working late at the grass-chopping machine, to get the job done before the darkness came! The crowded mass of dimly-lit faces in the assembly-hall, watching in silent absorption the movie from Moscow which showed how children were beaten in the old days of the Czar, as peasants were beaten and soldiers beaten, but now are reared in love and tenderness, and taught not by blows but by kindly methods of instruction and persuasion! The long evening in the same room when the American visitors were set face to face with the Russian workers, and questions fired back and forth between the two groups about capitalism, Communism, peace and war, liberty, justice and democracy! The gathering of the boys and girls, tired from the day's work but eager ever for the cause, to sing to us the chants of the revolution and the new folk-songs of a delivered people! Of all we saw and heard and did, however, nothing quite matched the second day when we tramped through the fields and visited the old villages skirting the Commune.

The rain had blown away during the night, and the morning was blazing with a bright sun and a clear sky. I had burned and shivered again during the night, but had fallen at last into a sound sleep, and awoke invigorated and refreshed. A walking trip was immediately planned, and I was one of the company.

Leaving the Commune behind us, we followed winding footpaths through the richly-growing grain. Inside of an hour, all signs of human habitation had disappeared. Our little group was like a ship far out at seat—space, vast space, to the far horizons, and nothing but itself in all that silent waste. Only here it was not the gray water that surrounded us, but the bright, tossing waves of fragrant grain. Now and then, to be sure, we would catch sight of some workers in a distant field. Occasionally the long line of the highroad would be revealed by a string of peasant carts moving slowly to or from the town. Once or twice the brown thatch of a hay shelter would lift itself, like a brown sail, out of the sea of green. But mostly we were alone, as though no living thing had been seen for many days. Not even birds disturbed us. No insects seemed to crawl upon the ground.

Suddenly, far to the left, we saw the familiar signs of an ancient village—the huge thatched roofs, blackened by the storms of many a winter, and hanging so low as almost to hide the doors and windows of the house—the thin, blue smoke curling up from tiny chimneys—as we drew nearer, the scrawny cows, the little patches of weedy soil, the well-sweeps, the tumbled-down out-houses, and the ragged children. It was these children who first discovered us, and greeted us with wild yells and screams. They swarmed from every door and corner, they surrounded us like black flies upon a piece of meat, they followed us down the street and through the alleys as though we were a circus come to town. There were children clothed and children naked, children sick and children well, children dirty and (a few!) children clean, children old, children young, and babes in arms. We were told that the death-rate among children in these villages is high. But there are plenty of youngsters who survive—no doubt about that!

The old Russian village is always the same—the main street, a mile, two miles, three miles long, with the huts, or hovels, on either side, each with its well of water beautifully placed between the dirty house and the filthy stable, and its separate garden, or little farm, stretching far out behind into the fields. Sometimes as in this village, there are two streets, with little paths, or alley-ways, running between. In summer the common way is thick with dust, in winter it is sodden with mud. I had seen the picture of it all many times in the works of Turgienev, Tolstoy, and Gorki, and lo, here it was before my very face and eyes! As I moved along, I could think of nothing but Gorki's great book, "Mother." My experience at this hour seemed to be the pages of that masterpiece suddenly come to life. Only there were things in this village which Gorki never saw in his—the public school, for example, the largest and finest building in the place, the Soviet headquarters, where we met the village officials chosen by the popular suffrage of men and

women; the village doctor and nurse, freely at the disposal of the sick and the infirm.

We threaded our way through the little farms, came to the village street, and knocked on the door of the first house. A smiling woman, bare-footed, her head wrapped in a rude kerchief, met us at the threshold, gave us greeting, and invited us in. We stooped through the low door, looked about at a dark, windowless room which was obviously used for the storage of food, fuel, clothes, tools, gear, all manner of odds and ends, and then passed into the little room which was the house proper. This room was perhaps 10 feet long, and possibly 8 feet wide. A good third of it was occupied by the huge stove, on top of which the father and mother and smallest babies slept in the wintertime. The rest of the room served as the kitchen, the dining-room, the living-room, the sleeping room for the entire family. Occasionally guests are taken in—thus, in another house we found a noble old man, a cobbler come to mend shoes, and his wife from another village. In winter the animals are brought into this room, that they may keep warm, and help to keep it warm. At night, with cold, snowy winds blowing without, the older children, who cannot sleep on the stove, nestle down 'side of the cow, or close to the warm wool of the sheep, and there find comfort. In summer, of course, the animals are in the fields, or are kept in the byre behind the house. The walls and floors of this home were worn and grimy, but seemed clean of surface dirt. In one corner was an ikon, black with the smoke of years; in the opposite corner was a huge poster-picture of Stalin. Bolshevik posters were common in the houses we visited.

The pleasant-faced woman, our hostess, could understand not a word of our chatter, but she understood that we were curious, and was eager to satisfy our inquiries. So she showed us her oven, and how she cooked; she got out her spinning-wheel, and taught us how she made the cloth her little boy was wearing on his back. Her husband, also all smiles, soon joined us, and was as happy as a child in demonstrating his share of the domestic achievements. Neighbors rapidly came streaming in, all excitement and amiability, and the little house was soon so crowded that movement was impossible. Among these neighbors was one voluble man who kept shouting good-naturedly at each and all of us, gesticulating in fierce excitement, telling us something he was resolved that we should understand. Our interpreter finally made out that he was a *Kulak,* who had only recently been "liquidated"—i. e., put out of business—by the government. He had been a blacksmith, energetic, successful, prosperous. Then suddenly, not long since, the government had pounced down upon him, taken his forge, and left him as poor as all the other villagers. He was indignant, and wanted us to know it. Yet he laughed, even as he shouted his imprecations against Moscow. "And he gets drunk every night," said one of the women, contemptuously, "so what's the difference."

We adjourned the impromptu town-meeting to Main Street—the house, with windows tight-closed, was getting stuffy! By now, we were surrounded—on every side by an eager, excited, friendly crowd of men and women. It was at this moment we chose to discuss the collectives. Why didn't they collectivize their farms? Why did each man persist in working his own little piece of ground? Why didn't they throw all their patches together into one big farm, get some machinery, and have some bumper crops? Such a clamor, especially from the women! What a screaming of denunciations, what a shaking of fists! It was bedlam let loose. Out of it all, I gathered two impressions which were unmistakable.

First, these peasants were bitterly hostile to collectivization, and said so with startling frankness. Their reasons were the good old libertarian reasons which have been the bulwark of individualism since the beginning of time. They would not barter their freedom for any price of prosperity. They had rather go their own way, and live their own lives, than pool their interests for any reward. They could run their own affairs, plow their own acres, harvest their own crops, raise their own children, without let or hindrance from anybody. I thought of our pioneer forefathers as I watched these taut faces and listened to these fierce words. There was something splendid about this declaration of independence. I honored these sturdy peasants for their self-reliance and stubborn fidelity to liberty. This was not "war," perhaps, from the Bolshevik point of view, but it was "magnificent."

Secondly, these peasants, while hostile to the government's policy of collectivization, were *not* hostile to the government. Right there and then in that village, as we debated with these toilers of the soil, I learned that the idea that the peasants hate Moscow and will some day rise against Moscow, is only so much moonshine. They want no return of the Czar, these peasants; they seek for no more rebellions and civil wars; they welcome the schools and the medical service provided by the Soviets; their boys, conscripted into the red army, come home enthusiastic for the great cause of the world proletariat; their women and girls, given education and an equal share in government, feel the momentum of progress and deliverance; food is adequate, and the fear of famines at an end. On the farms, as in the cities, the common people see the light of a new day, and believe in and sustain the government which has brought it. They may denounce this government and resist its policies, but it is *their* government, and in crisis they would defend it. I was surprised when I first saw the faces of Lenin and Stalin on the walls of these rude huts, but I understood when I went away.

IV

We had walked through the village, entered the homes, seen the public school, talked with the people, interviewed the officials, and now we plunged back into the fields. We had not gone far when our guide from the Lenin Commune stopped us, and said, "Look—this is where the village farms end, and our farm begins. Do you see the difference?"

We gazed back at the little patches of ground which we were leaving behind us. Each one had been hand-plowed by one solitary worker; the plow, a rude instrument drawn by a single horse, had not cut deep. The grain in each patch selected according to the owner's fancy, was thin, had not grown very high, and in some cases was sickly; weeds and tares were common among the wheat. When fall came, there would be scant harvests, and poor seeds for the next season's sowing.

We looked before us at the vast sea of grain belonging to the Commune. Tractors had plowed this ground, and the huge blades had dug deep into the

soil. Machine sowers had cast the seed, and the crop was thick, high grown, and beautiful. When the great harvesters came sweeping through these fields this autumn, they would reap a bounteous harvest, with plenty for the farmers, and a surplus for Moscow.

It is not surprising that the Soviets are insisting upon collectivization. The life of the nation hangs upon it. The health of the people depends upon it. And, in the end, the larger liberties of men will be its fruitage.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Warsaw, Poland

Revision of India's Public Debts

The *Daily Mail* (Paris edition) of February 11, 1931, published a dispatch from Allahabad which contained Mahatma Gandhi's position regarding India's public debts. This dispatch reads as follows:

Repudiation is out of the question, but arbitration is desirable before an impartial tribunal for the purpose of judging whether particular loans were raised in India's interests. If not, he held, they should become chargeable against British revenues.

The city editor of the same paper commenting on the above statement of Mahatmajee wrote:

Gandhi's explanation is in marked contrast with the resolution of the Indian extremists at Lahore in January, 1930. The proposals of *"arbitration"* on certain loans would not, of course, accord with the terms of any Indian loan issued to the British public.

At the outset let this be recorded that responsible statesmen (some of whom are enjoying pensions from India) and many British publicists, in order to carry on anti-Indian propaganda and to prejudice British and world public opinion against the Indian nationalist cause, have spread the canard of "repudiation of debts." This propaganda has been very cleverly carried on in the United States and the continent of Europe to spread the impression that Indian nationalists are "Bolshevists."

This agitation about the Indian nationalist attitude towards India's obligations and rights of aliens in India began with the legitimate demand of Indian business men to have India's coastwise trade reserved for genuinely Indian shipping concerns. Just as soon as Messrs. Neogi, Haji and others interested in reviving Indian shipping, introduced bills for the reservation of Indian coastal traffic to Indian shipping, British shipping interests in India and England, supported by many Anglo-Indians who have become rich at the expense of India, began the agitation to the effect that "Indian extremists propose to confiscate British property and British investments in India." One of the recent examples of this sinister propaganda is that of a British special correspondent of the *Observer* (London) who wrote in its issue of February 15th:

Those Indian nationalists who want to confiscate British coastal shipping and British industrial capital are particularly active.

This method of anti-Indian propaganda is characteristically British. The British nation always spreads false information and damaging propaganda against a nation against which it wages a war. Furthermore the British are conscious that, during the World War, in violation of all principles of international law, they confiscated German private property, and are afraid that India may follow their own example.

What is the truth about the stand of Indian nationalists regarding India's coastal shipping? Indian nationalists on various occasions have made it clear in the Legislative Assembly that they wished to enact such laws as were in force in the United States, Japan, Italy and other countries regarding coastwise shipping; and that they did not wish to have any special discriminatory legislation hurting British interests. They are interested in protecting Indian shipping. *They wish to control cut-throat competition of British shipping concerns which have destroyed Indian shipping through decidedly unfair means.*

The late Pandit Moti Lal Nehru personally gave assurance *of according absolute security to all legitimate interests of foreigners in India.* In the famous "Nehru Report," which was signed by the late Motil Lal Nehru, Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru and others, and which was endorsed in 1928 by the All-India National Congress and the All-Parties Conference, specific assurance of protection for legitimate interests of foreigners was recorded to dispel all misunderstanding on this point. However, the anti-Indian British propagandists—the majority of whom live at India's expense—continued to spread false information to hurt India's credit and at the same time make money out of the lowering of India's credit.

The Lahore Congress resolution on "Indian Public Debt" has been grossly misrepresented by British officials, British journalists and anti-Indian British propagandists. According to the *Times* (London) of January 2, 1930, the resolution on India's public debt, adopted on January 1, 1930, by the All-India National Congress, is as follows:

That this congress is of opinion that the financial burdens directly or indirectly imposed on India by a foreign Administration are such that a free India cannot bear and cannot be expected to bear; that this congress expresses the opinion *that every* obligation and concession which an independent India will inherit shall be strictly subject to investigation by an independent tribunal; and that *every obligation and concession, no matter how incurred and given, shall be repudiated, if it is not found by the tribunal to be just and justifiable.*

This resolution cannot be termed repudiation. It means that only those obligations which will be found to be unjust and unjustifiable by an independent tribunal will be repudiated. The resolution makes it clear that India has been saddled with unjust obligations, and that a free India will not bear the unjust burden. However, she will be glad to have an independent tribunal decide which are the unjust obligations.

This interpretation was upheld by Mahatma Gandhi, the late Pundit Motilal Nehru and others when "peace negotiations" were carried on with Lord Irwin through Sir Tej Nahadur Sapru and Mr. Jayakar as intermediaries. The All-India Congress leaders insisted upon "the right to refer, if necessary, to an independent tribunal such of British claims, concessions, and the like, including the so-called public debt of India, as may seem to the national government to be unjust or not in the interest of the people of India." (The *Modern Review,* January, 1931, page 127.) Mahatma Gandhi, after the publication of the recent

Gandhi-Irwin Agreement, gave an interview to Mr. Shirer, of the Chicago *Tribune,* and in this interview he emphasized his former stand.

It is clear that many British merchants, bankers and officials, who make their living out of India, are somewhat upset at the very thought that India's indebtedness and some of the British rights in India might be scrutinized by an independent tribunal, composed of learned jurists from America, France, Germany, Italy, Turkey, Japan and China. The proposed idea of settling India's doubtful obligations to Britain by an independent tribunal would be welcomed by all British statesmen unless they knew that they have robbed India through skillful manipulation of the machinery of administration.

In short, *India is demanding for revision of her public debts.* In making a financial settlement between Britain and India, *Britain should pay her debts to India,* so that there will be a fair adjustment of obligations on the part of India and Britain. In the history of international relations, we find many instances of readjustment of financial and territorial claims through courts of arbitration and claims commissions. In this connection, one may point out that the British, French, Italian, Belgian and other governments borrowed money from the United States to carry on the World War. There were definite contracts regarding these debts. However, after the conclusion of the World War all these nations carried on negotiations for cancellation of these debts. The American government refused to cancel the debts, but modified her just claims by funding the debts at a much lower rate of interest, etc. In this case, just claims of the United States have been modified to meet the adverse economic condition of debtor nations on the basis of a nation's ability to pay.

The Australian Government borrowed a large sum of money from England during the World War; and now the condition of the finances of the Commonwealth is such that some statesmen are demanding that the Australian debt to British bond-holders must be readjusted on a lower rate of interest—following the policy of the United States towards Great Britain. In fact, there is a movement for secession in Australia on the very question of readjustment of Australian obligations to Great Britain.

It is well known that France has refused to pay British bond-holders in gold because she has adjusted her obligations to French bond-holders on the basis of the present French paper currency. Therefore the British bond-holders are receiving only about one-fifth of their former investment in French Government bonds.

At the present time the Anglo-Russian Claims Commission is trying to adjust the financial relations between the two nations. Britain is claiming that the Soviet Russian Government should pay for the Czarist debts and also for the British private property confiscated by the Soviet Russian authorities. In this connection, the Soviet Government has presented a counter-claim of several hundred millions of pounds for the losses caused by the counter-revolutionary expeditions led by Generals Kolchak, Denikin and others, which were partly financed by the British. (At times British statesmen finance revolutions in other countries.) It is well known that the Anglo-German Claims Commissions have adjusted financial obligations between these nations on basis of mutual claims. The American-Mexican Claims Commission has solved the financial difficulties between the two nations.

From the standpoint of these established principles of international relations, India is not only entitled to investigate every British claim, but has the absolute right to present her counter-claims against the British Government. India's counter-claims may be divided into two categories (a) the sums that have been unjustly charged to the Indian treasury by the British Government and (b) some of the losses incurred by India through the base anti-Indian policy of the British Government.

It is not my purpose to tabulate India's claims against Britain, but I may suggest some broad outlines which will cover Indian demands. When the East India Company was taken over by the British Government, India was made to pay for the East India Company's bonds and other expenses. This is an unjust charge. India has been made to bear expenses for Britain's various imperialist wars. These are unjust charges. India has been forced to pay for the British Army of Occupation in India, which is also an unjust charge. At the beginning of the World War, the irresponsible Government of India made a donation of £100,000,000 from the Indian treasury to Great Britain; this act is nothing less than a civilized form of robbery. None of the members of the British commonwealth, none of the allies of Great Britain, made any donation to Britain. India is the poorest country, and why should she be made to donate a sum of £100,000,000 for the British Empire which has acquired new territories, vast sums in reparation account, etc., out of the World War? This supposed donation of £100,000,000, which should be termed as extortion from the helpless people of India, will now amount (at a very reasonable rate of compound interest) to more than £200,000,000. Britain's currency policy in India has been a source of serious loss to India. Britain's tariff policy has not only caused serious financial loss to India, but destroyed Indian industries. Britain's shipping policy has done incalculable harm to Indian commerce. India may legitimately claim that Britain's debt to India should be paid in cash or be credited to India's obligations to Britain. If one considers that the amount India had to pay to the bond-holders of the East India Company is unjust, then this item alone with an interest of 4 per cent compound interest for the past 70 years would amount to several hundred millions of pounds sterling.

When the United States of America won independence from Great Britain, the latter had to forego much of her financial claims. When the Poles, Czechs and Hungarians asserted their independence, they did not think of bearing obligations of the late Austrian Empire; but a financial adjustment was brought about through an international commission. What the Indian nationalists are demanding is not repudiation of India's just obligations; but what they insist upon is that there must be a revision or readjustment of India's obligations to Great Britain, for the sole purpose of elimination of unjust exactions imposed upon the subjugated people of India by their alien rulers. An Indian statesman who has India's interest in mind cannot but demand the necessary revision of India's obligation to Great Britain. *India demands that Britain should pay her debt to India.*

TARAKNATH DAS.

The Study Table

Votes for Women

Here is a book that stirs the blood.* It should appeal to all who love courage. Sylvia Pankhurst has given us much more than a history of the militant woman suffrage movement in England—in itself a colorful and amazing chapter of the life-story of human progress. It is biography as well as history—a remarkable human document. It takes us behind the scenes and gives us intimate pictures of a number of extraordinary women. It will have a perennial interest for the student of exceptional feminine psychology. It likewise gives us glimpses—sometimes rather surprising glimpses—of personalities still active in British politics, Ramsay MacDonald, Philip Snowden, Lloyd George, Bernard Shaw, George Lansbury and others. It adds at least two to our gallery of heroes, Dr. Richard Marsden Pankhurst and Keir Hardie.

Sylvia speaks with high appreciation of her father. Dr. Pankhurst was a distinguished lawyer, an early champion of woman's rights. He had twenty years of public service behind him when he married the beautiful Emmeline Goulden, a girl half his age. Their home in Manchester was a center of active work for the public good. Sylvia says:

> Our father, vilified and boycotted, yet beloved by a multitude of people in many walks of life, was a standard-bearer of every forlorn hope, every unpopular yet worthy cause. Our mother, twenty years his junior, charged with the abounding ardor of impressionable youth, was the most zealous of his disciples.

The children were trained in the same tradition. He often said to them, "If you do not work for other people, you will not have been worth the upbringing!" The Pankhursts were Socialists and pacifists. They opposed the Boer war, and faced persecution for it. Sylvia's young brother was beaten unconscious by his schoolmates.

Left a widow, Mrs. Pankhurst bent herself to the support of her children, but continued her interest in public affairs. In 1903 she founded the Women's Social and Political Union, which was destined to be for ten years a power in British politics.

The outlook for woman suffrage was dark. A majority of the House of Commons favored it, but no bill introduced by a private member could pass without government aid, because the time allotted to a private bill was limited, and the opposition could always talk it out, unless the Speaker applied the cloture. Woman suffrage was thus talked out again and again. The women wanted the government to bring in a woman suffrage bill, as a government measure could command all the time needed.

The idea of militancy came to Mrs. Pankhurst during a period of widespread unemployment. The government refused to do anything for the unemployed until they began to riot; then its attitude suddenly changed. A "crisis" was declared to have arisen. It occurred to Mrs. Pankhurst that a crisis might be produced in regard to woman suffrage. "Votes for Women" banners appeared in the House of Commons. Women protested from the ladies' gallery against the delay of their bill, and chained themselves to the grille to make it harder to throw them out. Mrs. Pankhurst and Sylvia had sat alone in the lobby, waiting to interview statesmen. Now larger and larger deputations of women came demanding audience. The House of Commons was guarded as if against a siege, and guarded in vain. Women slipped in by all sorts of strategems. Police beat back the crowds of women, and handled them with great brutality. Once Mrs. Pankhurst, filled with anguish by the long delay, caught Sylvia looking at her pitifully. She smiled and said, "Don't look at me like that! Bless you, your old mother likes it. This is what I call life!" Sylvia says "Adventure and excitement were the lodestar of her being."

The older and more conservative Suffrage Associations were exasperated by the militant tactics of the Women's Social and Political Union and the Women's Freedom League, but were spurred by them to greater activity. The movement grew and grew. Five thousand meetings were held in one month. The monster demonstrations and processions broke all records. The government remained obdurate.

A campaign was undertaken to defeat the party in power. Wherever a Cabinet Minister spoke, he was persistently heckled. Instead of having their questions answered, the women were flung out and violently assaulted by the enraged partisans of the candidates. Sometimes every shred of clothing was torn from their bodies. Women were sent to prison, went on hunger strikes, and came out more determined than ever.

Sylvia is an artist. Besides taking her full share of the rough and dangerous work, she designed the banners and brooches and the great symbolic statues used in the demonstrations. She is also an artist in words, and gives us, with a few brief touches, vivid sketches of many of the heroines of that thrilling struggle. Mrs. Pankhurst is shown as a woman of extraordinary gifts, and some very human failings; endowed with rare energy, courage and eloquence, "a golden voice," and great personal charm, but so devoted to her favorite daughter, the brilliant Christabel, that she always followed her counsels, which were not always wise. Mrs. Pankhurst stood to the public as the leader, but Christabel was the little Napoleon who really directed the militant campaign; and she had much of Napoleon's selfishness and tyranny. Everybody who differed with her policy by a hair's breadth was promptly turned out of the Women's Social and Political Union, including her sisters Adela and Sylvia. Adela went to Australia and became an organizer for the Woman's party there. Sylvia started work in the terrible East End of London, and organized effective demonstrations by the poor. She became so much beloved that when the police tried to secure a room near her headquarters, in order to watch and arrest her, none of the desperately poor people on that crowded street would rent them a room at any price. Again and again they failed to arrest her because of the huge crowds that rallied to her defense.

Mrs. Pankhurst and Christabel, with the Pethick Lawrences, had long constituted the inner council of the W. S. P. U. The Lawrences had contributed generously, and Mrs. Lawrence, as treasurer, had always been able to raise any amount of money. A difference

*"The Suffragette Movement: An Intimate Account of Persons and Ideals." By E. Sylvia Pankhurst. Longmans, Green and Co., New York. $7.50.

of policy now led to a separation. The Lawrences and Mrs. Pankhurst were tried for conspiracy, after a raid when the plate glass windows of 93 fashionable shops had been broken almost simultaneously. Window-breaking had long been a favorite way of expressing political discontent in England; but this was on an unprecedented scale. They were sentenced to prison. The owners of all the broken windows collected damages from Mr. Lawrence, the only one of the defendants who had money, and he was driven into bankruptcy. Mrs. Pankhurst announced that the woman suffrage movement henceforth would show itself as dangerous to property as the Chartist movement had been. The Lawrences did not approve of this, nor did Sylvia. A regular campaign of incendiarism was undertaken; three castles in Scotland were burned, and many vacant houses in England, and much other damage was done. The suffragettes were treated as outlaws. To avoid arrest, Christabel went to Paris and directed the campaign from there. Mrs. Pankhurst was sentenced to three years' penal servitude. She, Sylvia and many other women, including some of high social standing, were sent to prison over and over, went on hunger strikes, and were forcibly fed. Under the "Cat and Mouse Act," a woman let out because she was at the point of starvation could be rearrested as soon as she got better, and sent back to serve the rest of her sentence without further trial. Several women lost their lives, and many their health.

England's militant movement was largely misunderstood in America. The cablegrams about it were almost always hostile in tone, and often misrepresented the facts. We were taunted for years with the story that the militants had tried to set fire to "a crowded theatre." It was a theatre from which most of the audience had gone out. But setting fires was not a right or a wise way to agitate for the vote. The earlier militancy was worthy of all praise; the later militancy, which aimed at widespread destruction of property, was a serious mistake.

When the World War broke out, Christabel dropped the demand for the vote, and threw herself with burning zeal and extreme Chauvinism into furthering the war. She urged universal conscription, military conscription for men and industrial conscription for women. Sylvia felt very differently. When she headed a great demonstration against conscription and in favor of universal suffrage, Mrs. Pankhurst cabled from America : "Strongly repudiate and condemn Sylvia's foolish and unpatriotic conduct. Regret I cannot prevent use of name. Make this public." Sylvia comments quietly: "Families which remain on unruffled terms though their members are in opposing political parties take their politics less keenly to heart than we Pankhursts." Adela, in Australia, also opposed conscription, and helped to defeat it on referendum. She, too, was repudiated by her mother. Mrs. Pankhurst devoted her "golden voice" to recruiting. From having been Lloyd George's uncompromising opponent, she became one of his chief lieutenants. Sylvia labored to soften the hardships that the war brought upon the poor, and urged equal pay for the women who had to take up men's work.

The human interest of the book is even greater than its historical interest. The story is simply and modestly told, and with remarkably little bitterness, where bitterness might have seemed natural. It throws much light upon the labor movement in England, and the way that the various social movements interacted upon one another. Sylvia's character grows upon the reader throughout—brave, unselfish and tender hearted. She was always on the side of the poor. She ends with a forward-looking word: "Great is the work which remains to be accomplished!"

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL

Correspondence

Yosemite National Park Church

Editor of UNITY:

Here in the State of California, familiarly known as the Golden West, we have a most interesting experiment in progress in religious co-operation.

Back in the year 1879 money was raised among the Sunday Schools of the State of California to build a chapel in Yosemite Park—long before it became Yosemite National Park.

For many summers, services were conducted in this chapel, sometimes under auspices of the State Sunday School Association, sometimes under denominational control.

Immediately preceding the present organization, the work was very largely under denominational direction, the territory having been allocated to a certain communion. The records show this to be a very unsatisfactory situation.

Some five or six years ago, an all-year highway of eighty-four miles made Yosemite National Park immediately available to travelers and tourists to the extent of approximately 500,000 annually. Such influx of people immediately accentuated the problem of religious services in the Valley.

Earnest consideration of the problem by representatives of the leading denominations of the state led to the organization of a corporation known as the Yosemite National Park Church with a board of trustees of seven members—six Protestants and one Catholic. The purpose of this corporation is to provide religious services for all recognized religious faiths. The position of the Church is well recognized by the government and the concessionaires in the park. All religious matters are referred to the church for adjustment, with the Superintendent of the Park as a final arbiter.

Some years ago at the request of the board, as secretary of the board of trustees, I was asked to go into the Park and assume charge of the work which presented extremely difficult problems—a heavy indebtedness and animosity between the various religious groups, especially Protestant and Catholic.

Especially difficult was the problem of housing adequately the various religious services because there were no adequate buildings in the Valley in which year-round services could be conducted.

The Old Village Chapel as mentioned above was repaired at considerable cost by the Protestants and made a very comfortable house of worship for the long winter months. In the summer, many services are held out of doors. The Catholics held services across the street in an impossible pavilion used for all sorts of purposes, and in every way not conducive to worship.

We are looking forward to the building of an adequate Chapel or Church to be used by all. With this in mind, I suggested to the Roman Catholic priest that he share the Chapel with us. After a period of educational work on the Protestant side, the Protestant service was moved back to 10 o'clock (formerly 11 A. M.) and Mass was set at 11:15 A. M.

The Catholic altar was placed just behind the Protes-

tant pulpit, protected by a screen placed because of the pronounced prejudices of some Protestant people.

With this change in hours and location, there began a very happy fellowship between the two groups. We came to know each other, and found that we had many things in common. The old prejudices have vanished throughout the valley, and the government officers are highly pleased at the result.

Last summer, additional repairs and painting was necessary to the chapel, this time the government co-operating in the program and sharing in the cost, for the chapel is now a government building, the lease having been surrendered to make way for the building of the new chapel.

The inside of the building now carries crosses over the windows giving a Gothic effect, and a large cross over the pulpit, suggested by the Protestant group. A new Catholic altar was made, placed on the rostrum, and the screen removed, thus adding to the beauty of the chapel.

It is quite remarkable that through this whole program of education, repairs, etc., not one word of criticism was voiced directly against either group.

After two years now, the plan works excellently. The fine spirit of fellowship prevails, and the overhead necessary for the support of the work is contributed by Presbyterian Church, U.S.A., Methodist Episcopal Church, Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Episcopal Church, Christian Science Church, Disciples (Christian) Church, Baptist Church, Congregational Church, United Presbyterian Church, Roman Catholic Church, and Seventh Day Adventist Church. The United Lutheran Church of America, the Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod, and the Friends Church are just now beginning to co-operate in religious services and will doubtless contribute financially later.

Now, that we have just brought the experiment to a satisfactory climax, and in view of your great interest in this type of work, thought perhaps you would like to know of our effort in Yosemite National Park in which we reach over 25,000 persons annually.

JAMES ASA WHITE
Secretary-Manager.

Box 302, Yosemite National Park, California

The Church and Young People

Editor of UNITY:

Mr. James A. Fairley in his editorial note in your issue of September 14th has put a very justified question in regard to church attendance of our young people: "Is it the churches or the young people who are at fault?" Mr. Fairley then gives a neutral answer which, I am sorry to say, did not entirely satisfy me. In my opinion the churches are at fault. It seems to me that through lack of understanding and leadership they are on the gold laden barge of our materialism sailing toward no goal of their own, just drifting along almost like a stowaway.

Do you read the *Neue Wege* of Dr. Leonhard Ragaz in Zurich, Switzerland? He reads your UNITY and it was through him that I heard of your periodical. In the columns of the *Neue Wege* I found what seemed to me a concise explanation why the churches have lost importance and leadership and, therefore, why their time is over. What is true of the European churches holds good to a great extent for American churches. This does not mean that the Christian religion is on the decline. There are symptoms to be noticed among young people, perhaps especially among the young generation which tend to prove the opposite. We are more interested, I believe, in religious endeavors than people were in by-gone centuries although we are less interested in our present day churches than perhaps our forebears were in their churches.

J. KRUSI

Villa Park, Ill.

The Field

(*Continued from page* 66)

are practically unanimous in their belief that permanent world peace cannot and will not be achieved until the world is better organized for justice, is more effectively committed to the substitution of reason and law for war, and has made a sweeping reduction of armaments. While recognizing the need for a reasonable national defense, such men believe that colossal armaments, far from guaranteeing peace, tend to create those very attitudes of suspicion and ill will among nations out of which wars emerge.

In observing Armistice Week our churches will best honor our soldier dead by giving expression to the Christian ideals of peace and human brotherhood. Emphasis will fall naturally upon Jesus' way of life, upon the exaltation of the spirit of truth and justice, upon the attainment of God's kingdom of fraternity and righteousness. The entire program of the week will express faith in God, loyalty to Christ and to His program, love of country, and goodwill towards our fellow-men of all nations and races. Let us keep faith with those who died that war might be no more.

In the course of this anniversary, opportunity is offered our churches to give full consideration to the constructive steps now being urged upon the nations to organize more thoroughly for peace and to secure drastic reduction of armaments. Each church has its part to take in this great program.

Why the Churches Insist Upon Reduction of Armaments

1. Because Jesus Christ our Lord, by precept and practice, exalted peace, justice, brotherhood, sacrifice, love, forgiveness, patience, long-suffering, holiness, friendship and faith.

2. Because our churches, under the leadership of the Prince of Peace, seek to develop a spirit of goodwill in the hearts of men everywhere and to establish a universal reign of brotherhood. They still look forward to the ideals of St. Augustine, who 1500 years ago said, "Thou shalt unite the citizens of one place with those of another, nation with nation, group with group, and, in general, all men among themselves; and so not only render society more secure, but form a universal brotherhood."

3. Because our government has given its solemn pledge to fifty-seven other governments renouncing war as an instrument of national policy and promising to seek the solution of every controversy only by the methods of peace. The spirit and principles of this anti-war pact should now be made effective in reducing all preparations for war. With war renounced by the official treaty action of practically every nation, armaments should no longer be fundamental in international relations or in determining national policies. The churches should heartily support our government in carrying out these pledges.

A Significant Quotation

"International confidence cannot be builded upon fear—it must be builded upon goodwill. The whole history of the world is filled with chapter after chapter of the failure to secure peace through either competitive arms or intimidation.

"Within a short time the principal nations of the world will meet to discuss the broad questions of reduction in land armament. The very calling of this Conference is in itself not only proof of need but is an emphatic evidence of progress in the world demand for relief and for peace. Of all proposals for the economic rehabilitation of the world, I know of none which compares in necessity or importance with the successful result of that conference."—Herbert Hoover.

Steps in the Movement for Reduction of Armaments

Considerable achievements have already been made in reducing and limiting naval forces. They give ground for hope for still further progress.

1. At the close of the World War the nations agreed to reduce armaments. In the Treaty of Versailles as well as in the Treaty of Berlin (signed by the United States) the principle was laid down that Germany was to be disarmed "in order to render possible the initiation of a general limitation of armaments of all nations. . ."

2. The Conference on Limitation of Naval Armament, held in Washington, D. C., November, 1921, to February, 1922, and participated in by the five principal naval powers, the United States, Great Britain, Japan, France, and Italy, agreed to limit the size and number of capital ships and aircraft carriers. Sixty-eight capital ships, totalling 1,861,643 tons, built or building, were scrapped, and the saving to the United States alone during the life of the treaty has been estimated to be more than $3,000,000,000.

3. The London Naval Conference (January to April, 1930) arrived at a three-power agreement between the United States, Great Britain, and Japan. By the terms of this agreement these three countries scrapped nine more battleships and agreed to limit the tonnage and gun caliber of

cruisers. Reduction and limitation of tonnages were accomplished also for submarines and destroyers.

4. The Commission to prepare for the Disarmament Conference, appointed by the Council of the League of Nations, first met in May, 1926. The United States and other non-League states accepted invitations to participate. The Commission completed its work on December 9, 1930. The draft convention or treaty on disarmament provides standards of measurement by which the military establishments of the various nations may be compared, thereby providing a scientific basis for armament reductions. The Council of the League of Nations announced, May, 1931, that the World Disarmament Conference will meet at Geneva, February 2, 1932, under the presidency of Mr. Arthur Henderson, the British Foreign Minister.

5. The Conference will discuss
(1) the limitation of the total number of effectives in the army, navy and air forces of each nation signing the treaty;
(2) the limitation of armament materials such as tanks, guns, vessels and airplanes;
(3) the outlawing of the use of poison gas and disease germ warfare;
(4) the limitation of military budgets;
(5) the establishment of a Permanent Disarmament Commission.
(6) a general consultative agreement in case any nation, because of changed conditions or a war menace, finds it impossible to carry out its agreements.

The nations will be asked at the Conference to insert in the open framework of the draft convention the figures by which their respective armaments are to be reduced.

Constructive Policies

The World Disarmament Conference brings to the nations a unique opportunity
To reduce the wasteful and crushing load of war preparations;
To prevent another overwhelming war calamity;
To promote mutual confidence and cooperation among the nations in organizing for justice, security and peace.

In the achievement of these goals the churches of the United States have their important part to take. The following constructive policies are accordingly recommended for consideration and support as important factors contributing to the success of the Conference:

1. American entry into the World Court before the World Disarmament Conference meets.

2. Active and constructive participation by the United States in the Conference.

3. Unceasing emphasis on the moral obligations of the Peace Pact.

4. An American delegation to the General Disarmament Conference of the strongest possible civilian leaders (with such technical advisers as may be needed), persons who are committed to the principles and familiar with the programs that are basic for the achievement of enduring peace.

5. Actual reduction, not mere limitation, of sea, land and air armaments.

6. Progressive reduction of military budgets until all armies are reduced to the status of police forces for the maintenance of law and order.

7. Immediate abolition of all government preparations and appropriations for poison gas and disease germ warfare.

8. Establishment of a Permanent Disarmament Commission to supervise the observance of the disarmament agreements.

On the people rests the final responsibility for determining to what extent the United States will cooperate with the other nations in reducing armaments and in organizing for world justice and peace. Public opinion, in the last analysis, will determine whether the forthcoming Conference fails or succeeds. In the creation of this public opinion the churches, properly and inevitably, have a highly important part to play. By public and private prayer, by pulpit utterance, by education, and by petition, the churches can help secure reduction and limitation of armaments and bring nearer the era of a world organized for peace.

The following suggestions indicate ways in which Armistice Week may be utilized in cultivating an intelligent and determined will to peace.

1. A special Armistice Sunday service, November 8, stressing in the sermon the need, from the Christian standpoint, for a thorough-going reduction of armaments. A two-minute-period of silent prayer might be observed during the service, preceded by a brief memorial for those who died in the World War. "Taps" might be sounded by a bugler at the beginning and end of the period.

2. The "Armistice Sunday Service of Worship." Such a service is now available, consisting of responsive readings and familiar and new peace hymns with music, arranged as a regular order of worship with place for a sermon or address.[1] The title of this Service of Worship is "Keeping Faith." The offering might be devoted to the peace cause.

3. A musical memorial program, such as one by Professor H. Augustine Smith, to be given by church choirs of the community. This might be used for a Mass Meeting.[2]

4. Distribution in pews, on several successive Sundays, of selected leaflets from the "Brief Summaries Series" published by the Federal Council's Commission on International Justice and Goodwill. These leaflets[3] deal with the international relations of the United States from the Christian point of view. Numbers especially recommended are:
No. 3. "The New Prospect for Lasting Peace"
No. 6. "Working for World Peace"
No. 7. "Shall the United States Join the World Court?"
No. 9. "The World Disarmament Conference"
No. 10. "Coming to Grips with the War System"

5. The Federal Council's Disarmament Petition.[4] This Petition, addressed to the President, especially designed for church members, calls for a sweeping and universal reduction of armaments. The signature of thousands of the Christian people of the nation are needed.

6. A community, or church, Study Conference on peace and disarmament. A reading and study pamphlet giving factual material and questions for discussion, bearing upon the Disarmament Conference, may be secured at the Federal Council's offices.[5]

7. A Community Mass Meeting on Armistice Sunday afternoon or evening. If more practicable, this gathering could be convened on any evening during Armistice Week. A committee, representative of the religious, social, patriotic, labor, educational, and service organizations of the community, might well be created to arrange for this particular event.

8. An Interdenominational Luncheon on Armistice Day, November 11. This would provide the key persons and friends of the local churches with an opportunity of listening to an address on disarmament, to be followed, if possible, by a forum discussion.

9. An International Dinner, such as is being held every year during the Armistice period in many cities, in which students from many lands and races are brought together.

10. The Midweek Prayer Service or "Church Night" may be used for a discussion of the peace problem.

Approved by the Commission on International Justice and Goodwill, which is composed of officially appointed members representing the constituent communions of the Federal Council, and by the Administrative Committee of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America.

(1) Sample copies (5 cents) may be secured from the Federal Council offices or from the Abingdon Press (150 Fifth Avenue, New York). 12 copies 40 cents, 100 copies $2.50.
(2) Single copies 25 cents, ten copies $1.00.
(3) Single copies free, 100 copies $1.50.
(4) Supplied without charge (except in very large quantities) by the Federal Council's Commission on International Justice and Goodwill.
(5) Single copies 25 cents, ten or more at the rate of 15 cents each.

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